

The Young-Mans Complaint, or, An ANSWER To The DAMOELS Tragedy.

When Friards deny, and won't comply,
but let them suffer smart,

To the Tune of, Chalon, &c.

{}

We often see such Cruelty,
will break a Lovers heart,

This may be Printed, R. P.



No for the loss of my amorous Jewel,
I am surrounded in grief and woe.
It was thy Parents unkind and most cruel,
which did occasion thy overt woe;
For my dear Nell I did adore thee,
but we was too much kept apart,
There was no one that I e're pray'd before thee;
thy Death alone does lye near my heart.

Farewell the hopes of all peace, joy, and pleasure,
I have no comfort, but care and grief,
Often in private I weep out of measure,
'tis Death alone must yield me relief:

Love, when I first heard of thy Dying,
tho' we had long been kept apart,
I tore my hair in a passion, and crying
this Damsels death will lye near my heart.

Down from his Eyes then the tears they did trickle,
with many sorrowful sighs, said he,
It is well known that I never was sickle,
for I lov'd none in the world but thee;
Had I been suffer'd to come near thee,
thou hadst not felt Death's cruel Dart,
I would have laid down my life for to cheer thee,
for thy Death now does lye near my heart.

The Young-Mans Complaint, or, An ANSWER To The DAMOELS Tragedy.

When Friards deny, and won't comply,
but let them suffer smart,

To the Tune of, Chalon, &c.

{}

We often see such Cruelty,
will break a Lovers heart,

This may be Printed, R. P.



No for the loss of my amorous Jewel,
I am surrounded in grief and woe.
It was thy Parents unkind and most cruel,
which did occasion thy overt woe;
For my dear Nell I did adore thee,
but we was too much kept apart,
There was no one that I e're pray'd before thee;
thy Death alone does lye near my heart.

Farewell the hopes of all peace, joy, and pleasure,
I have no comfort, but care and grief,
Often in private I weep out of measure,
'tis Death alone must yield me relief:

Love, when I first heard of thy Dying,
tho' we had long been kept apart,
I tore my hair in a passion, and crying
this Damsel's death will lye near my heart.

Down from his Eyes then the tears they did trickle,
with many sorrowful sighs, said he,
It is well known that I never was sickle,
for I lov'd none in the world but thee;
Had I been suffer'd to come near thee,
thou hadst not felt Death's cruel Dart,
I would have laid down my life for to cheer thee,
for thy Death now does lye near my heart.

For many months I did never behold her,
this was a sorrow that grieved me sore,
Her unkind Parents had oftentimes told her,
that she shuld never come near me more:
Thus did they soon blast all her glory,
for when she felt Deaths fatal Dart,
I never heard a more killinger story,
this Damsels death doth lye near my heart.

Then in her absence my poor heart was wounde,
for I might not come anear my joy.
When I cou'd see her we then was surrounded,
in the sweet Raptures of Love and joy:
But by her friends we were tormented,
so that we felt Loves fatal smart,
She by strong poison her Passion has uulted,
this Damsels Death does lye near my heart.

As she was dying, poor heart, she did blaine me,
she knew not very well what she said,
Tho' with sad sorrowful sighs she did name me,
'twas not her Love that her life betray'd:
For if I might enjoy'd the blessing,
she should have never felt the smart,
Now am I nothing but torments p. lessing,
this Damosels Death doth lye near my heart.

This sad Distraction so much deeth int'hall me,
that I am restless both night and day,
Methinks I often here my Lover call me,
saying sweet Johnny make haste away:
Let there be now no more delaying,
why shou'd we still remain apart,
Where e're I wander, I fancy this far fayg,
her Death doth now lye so neare my heart.

Thou in thy life-time didst dearly adye me,
as by thy sorrow I well might see,
Tho' thou art gone hence a little before me.
Love, I'll lye down in the Grave with thee:
Farewel my Friends and each Relation,
here with the World and you I'll part,
For I shall be in a far better station
when I'm with Nelly my own dear heart.

Printed for J. Back, at the Black Boy on London-
Bridge, near the Draw-Bridge.